

Math Exam Struggles

by theregoeseverything

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Summary: Bellamy has a little trouble with his Math Exam but gets a few encouraging words from Clarke. Modern college au one shot.

Math Exam Struggles

I wasn't sure what to expect, to be honest. We had covered so much during the course of the semester that I felt overwhelmed with math equations, rules. What the hell did it all mean? Was I really going to use this stuff later in life?

Everyone sat down and I ended up next to Clarke, who had helped me throughout the semester. Thank god for Clarke Griffin. I don't think I could have ever passed this class without her.

The exam was being passed out and the room went silent. I took out my calculator and pencil and took the exam packet from the professor. Okay. Here we go. I looked at the first question and was immediately confused. What the hell did "p" stand for? I forgot. Oh well. I'll go back to that one, I thought. But it only got worse. I kept skipping question after question, thinking I'd find one that made even the slightest amount of sense. Nothing. Nothing jumped out. "p" was everywhere.

"Fuck," I whispered.

I stole a glance at Clarke, who looked like she was soaring through test. I snapped my eyes back to my own exam. Under each question was blank. I had started a few and then erased everything, finding out that what I had done was all wrong.

I ran my free hand through my hair and began to sweat.

"Fuck," I whispered again.

Clarke's head tilted and I managed to see her eyes quickly glance at me. I shuffled the papers around, making a little too much noise in the otherwise deathly quiet exam room. I put my hands flat on the desk, one on each side of the packet.

Eight pages of bullshit. Bullshit. My lungs tightened. Sweat dripped down my forehead. My hands got clammy and my heart was racing. The room began to spin and I laid my head in my hands to stop it.

"_Fuck_" I whispered a little louder.

"Hey," Clarke whispered to me. The room stopped spinning when I looked at her.

"You can do this. You're smart. We've gone over this stuff a million times. I believe in you," Clarke whispered to me while the professor wasn't paying attention.

She smiled at me before returning to her exam. I looked down at mine, straightening up in my seat. I took in a deep breath and let everything go. The panic melted away and my hands loosened up. I picked up the pencil and looked at the first question again. _Profit_, dumbass. P = Profit. How could I be so stupid!?

I attacked that exam with what little amount of time I had left and the timer rang after the last 45 minute mark.

"Alright, pencils down! Hand in your exam," the professor called out. I stood up and packed up my things. I moved to the front of the class where I dropped off my exam and made my way out into the hallway.

"How'd you do?" Clarke's voice came from behind me.

"Actuallyâ€¦Pretty good," I smiled brightly at her.

"Good!"

"Hey, thanks for what you said back there. Thatâ€¦that really helped."

"It's true, though. You know what you're doing. You're really good at math. You just needed to get into the right frame of mind."

"Well, thank you."

"Thank me by buying me coffee?" Clarke suggested with a bright expression.

"Wellâ€¦fuckâ€¦I guess," I joked with her. She laughed.

End
file.